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Zenanas–What They are–The Work Being Done for Their Inmates.

A CHILDREN'S EXERCISE.

What a Zenana is.

The word zenana means, 'belonging to women.' It is the name given to the part of the house in which the women and girls live in a high-caste family of India. The House of a high-caste gentleman is always divided into two parts: the outer portion, which belongs to the men, and the inner, or zenana, which is used only by the women.

Who Live in the Zenanas?

Some of the zenanas contain a hundred or more occupants, including the families of several generations. When a man marries, he brings his wife to his father's house, his brothers all do the same, and then his sons and his brothers' sons do likewise.

The rooms of the women are always in the second or third story of the house. Each has a door, and a small window on to the veranda. The window has no glass in it, but has bars up and down the opening. One lady who has been a missionary for twenty years among women living in such rooms, says these rooms are prison cells. The walls are black with dirt, filth and cobwebs, looking as if they had never been whitewashed, and with never any ornament except sometimes ugly, painted daubs of their gods. To get to these rooms, you go up flights of brick steps from the court-yard.

Society of Zenana Women.

A high-caste woman must never see any man except her father, her husband, her husband's young brothers, and her sons. She may never see her father after she is married. When she goes to her husband's home, she is never to go outside the building save as she is put in a palanquin, the doors closed, and a covering thrown over it before it leaves the open court; and she is returned in the same manner.

How do these Women Look?

The zenana ladies are, when young, gentle and loving. They belong to the same race that we do—the Caucasian.

When girls are little they wear no clothing, but when about six years old they begin to wear a sarree. This is a straight piece of cloth about a yard wide and from five to six yards long, which is just wound round the body and then passed up over the head and shoulders.

How the Women Spend their Time.

Florence: They cook, sleep a great deal, dress their beautiful hair, paint their eyebrows, their finger-tips and their feet, put on their jewels, smoke hookah, chew pan, and perhaps spin a little.

Grace: What is it to chew pan?

Leader: Pan, or paun, is betel-nut cut up very small, mixed with lime, and then rolled up in a leaf. It is made into a small roll just large enough to go into the mouth. It decays the teeth, which after a time turn quite black.

Nellie: Do only women chew it?

Leader: No; every one uses it.

Fanny: I should like to know why the women always live on the second and the third floors?

Leader: The rooms on the lower floor are used for cook-rooms and cow-sheds.

Fanny: Why, do they keep the cows in the house?

Leader: Yes; in the same building in which the people live.

Mamie: What do the women cook?

Leader: Curry and rice. You remember that Hindus do not eat meat; that is, it is against their rules, and the higher castes do not use it. The curry is a compound of fish or vegetable and hot spices. Then they make many kinds of sweetmeats. Fruit is very much used.

Mary: I cannot help thinking how very sad it is that those poor women can never see the earth and the sky, the grass and flowers, and everything that makes the world so beautiful.

Leader: Yes, it is very sad; but we shall learn how brightness has been brought into some of these zenanas through the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Singing—'Precious Name.'

The wives of early missionaries in India tried again and again to obtain permission to visit zenanas, but without any success until about 1824, after long effort, Mrs. Travin, the wife of a London missionary, received an invitation from a Babu (a native Indian gentleman) to visit his zenana, and teach his daughter some useful knowledge. She gladly consented, and made several visits. But the Babu received from his companions such a storm of contempt and ridicule that he could not brave it long, and with evident regret he politely informed Mrs. Travin that he could not permit his family to receive any further visits from her. This is the first instance of which we have any knowledge of a zenana being entered by a missionary teacher.

A few years later, Miss Bird, an English lady of position and influence, gained admittance for a time, to several zenanas in Calcutta Blessing attended her work, though no one dared speak of it in those days. But it was not till 1860 that any regular visiting was permitted, and this came about in a strange way. Florence will tell

The Story of a Slipper.

One hot afternoon in India a missionary lady was finishing a beautiful pair of slippers for her husband. As she was working she was thinking of the multitude of women shut up in the zenanas, and how she wished she could go to them and tell them of Jesus. But the men would not consent, though she had asked them many times. Just as she had finished the slippers the door opened, and in walked a Babu, a native gentleman, one who used to be in her school. He picks up the slippers, praises them—cannot admire them enough. He had never seen their like. And to think a woman made them, and did it with a needle, stitch by stitch. The lady said, 'Wouldn't you like your wife to make you a pair of slippers? If you will let me, I will come and teach her.' He quite likes the idea; he borrows the slippers, takes them home, shows them to his wife, and she shows them to the women. Could they learn the wonder? To think of making anything so beautiful, and with a little instru-

PUNDITA RAMABAI, WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR HER COUNTRYWOMEN.

ment called a needle, something they had never seen. Shall they invite the despised Christian woman? They talk it over, this one's mother-in-law with that one's mother-in-law, till the consent of the wife of the old patriarch of the family is gained. The missionary lady is invited to come to that house, and the teaching begins. The women are quick to learn the use of the needle, and in a short time the slippers are made. The husband is very much pleased, and shows them to his gentlemen friends. These Babus show them to their wives, and they all wonder why they, too, cannot learn to do such beautiful work. Will the lady come and teach them? If they become defiled by touching the lady they can afterwards purify themselves. How pleasant it will be to have something to take up their time, and something so lovely! So the Babus call upon the missionary, and ask her to visit their zenanas and teach their wives. She is very glad and thankful to do so, and so the work spreads. A pair of slippers opened the doors of the zenanas of India.

American Women Became Interested.

About this time Mrs. Francis Mason, a Baptist missionary in Burma, came to this country on a visit. On her way, she spent several days in Calcutta, and became greatly interested in the condition of the women in zenanas of that great city, and rejoiced that missionary women were permitted to visit them. Upon Mrs. Mason's arrival at home she made earnest appeals to Christian women in the large cities of the Eastern States, to form a woman's society for zenana work and for girls' schools. Her efforts were successful, and in January, 1861, was organized in New York 'The Women's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands.'

Miss Brittan.

When Miss Brittan reached India she immediately entered upon zenana work, and from the very first she made it a point that she would never visit a zenana without teaching the name of Jesus. She says that she 'began at once to teach the doctrine of the cross to these poor women until they could read the good news for themselves.' So many zenanas were offered her that she longed to do the work of twenty, and she wrote home, 'Had I money and the teachers, I believe I could open a hundred zenanas in three months.'

Up to 1879 she had been joined by fifteen missionaries from this country, and aided by about fifty native ladies on the field.

The Good one Girl Did.

A little girl who attended a zenana school, upon going home would tell her grandmother all she heard and learned. The old lady became an eager listener, and every day would want to know everything that was said and done. After a while some of the family wanted the child to stay at home, saying, 'She is not only married, but too old to go to school, as she is past twelve years of age.' But to the surprise of all, the grandmother insisted on her going, and afterward, when a lady missionary called, she said, 'I want to hear all the child can tell me about Jesus. Who would have thought that in my old age my grandchild should be the one to tell me how I may be saved?' When, some time after, this lady was sick, her son tried to have her pray to one of their idol gods, but she refused, and as long as she had strength, would every now and then raise her hands and say, 'Lord Jesus, save me, save me.'

After the grandmother's death, the girl was taken from school and forbidden to read her Christian books; but she would not take any part in idol worship, and her life was so lonely in her home that after a while her father permitted her to read the Testament, and even sometimes asked her to read to him. This is the last we know of her.

Leader: Her story has made me think of one, an aged Hindu woman who, in an illness, said to her grandchild, 'Daughter, I have learned to pray.'—'Sunday-School Messenger.'

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—I am not a subscriber to your paper, but am much interested in it, and read especially all articles connected with temperance. I show some of the very best articles to friends, and I can count on some half-dozen people giving up the service of the drink demon through the influence of your articles.

Here in India there are no magazines or newspapers which discountenance intemperance. But under the influence of your temperance articles in the 'Messenger' a Hindu editor rose in Parlakimedi, Ganjam Dt., India, and is editing a paper called 'The Banner' every month. Among other articles, he gives, under Editorial Notes, the following, which I quote word for word from the said 'Banner':

'The Purity Association, Parlakimedi.'

'An association, under the above name, has been set on foot by some young men of this place (Parlakimedi), assisted by the teachers of the College, to inculcate principles of purity to school children. We wrote in a previous issue about the baneful habit of cigarette smoking, and how it spreads like wildfire among the student population. Now, one of the rules to be observed by a member of this association is to abstain strictly from using tobacco in any form. The association, since assisted by the teachers, may work well and soon destroy the "lesser immoralities of the school boy." We hope that such associations as these will soon be formed in connection with the other schools and colleges of our district to put a stop to the growing vices of snuffing, chewing and smoking tobacco, at least, in the school world, and contribute largely to the formation of a manly character in every schoolboy of the present day.'

A. N. MURTI.

Coonoor, S. India.

If I Were a Layman.

If I were a layman I should behave at home as well as in church. I should never in the presence of my children, either at the dinner table or anywhere else, speak of the minister, or the sermon, or the church, or anybody connected with the church, in a tone which disparaged. And if my children were small, I should be doubly careful. No living creature hears so much as a three-year child. And, if a child is playing, his capacity for hearing what big folks are saying seems to be increased. The man who criticizes the church, or anybody connected with it, in the presence of growing children, is locking doors which he may never be able to open, although he may strive to do so with prayers and tears. Thousands of children are lost to the church because of the foolish talk of thoughtless parents. In my home the Church of God should be spoken of always with reverence and love. It should be the theme of many a conversation, and in all my talk it should be made supreme and glorious. Among the papers on my table should be at least one church paper, and among the latest books should be a few small volumes of church history, or of Christian doctrine, or the biographies of some of the modern heroes of the faith. My drawing-room table should proclaim to my own household, and to all who came to see me, that the Christian church is august and sovereign, and that in my judgment a man is behind the times who reads the latest novel, and ignores the splendid literature which the church of Christ is to-day producing. Never under any circumstances should a Sunday newspaper come into my home. For my health's sake, and for the sake of my sons and daughters, I should keep one day in the week free for the reading of books written by the masters of the supreme problems of life and thought. Like the Christians of the first century, I should have a church in my house, and this church in my house should be made to furnish atmosphere, vitality, and power for the church upon whose book my name had been enrolled, and before whose altar I had dedicated my entire life to God.—'Sunday-school Times.'

Missionary Hens.

In the 'Morning Star' of Aug. 5, 1863, appeared the following letter from the well-known missionary, Dr. O. R. Bacheler, which we think is worth repeating for the present generation:

While at Cape Town I noticed in the local report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society the item 'Missionary Hens,' and at one of their anniversary meetings where I was called upon to speak, I took occasion to refer to this as a new item, or at least as embracing an old idea in a new form. I told them I had heard of 'missionary corn' and 'missionary potatoes,' but that the raising of 'missionary hens' was a new idea, and that I should embrace the opportunity to tell the American churches of their success in this new department. These remarks called up the Rev. Mr. Barber, who claimed to be the originator of the movement. He stated that the plan of keeping a hen, the proceeds of the eggs and chickens to be appropriated to the mission cause, was adopted by several parties, some of them poor children in a small and very poor church of which he had charge. Seven individuals had kept each one hen during the year, and the avails of their productive propensities were now in the missionary treasury. You may be anxious to know how much these consecrated hens accomplished for the cause of God. Thirty-one dollars is the sum placed to their credit in the annual report.

Now here is an idea worthy of our attention. I once met with a well-to-do farmer down east, who when applied to for a missionary subscription, excused himself by saying that he had twenty-four hens and a rooster; that it took all he could earn to support the hens, and all the hens could earn to support his girls, and consequently he could do nothing to save the world. He had no missionary hens, that is evident. Now suppose one of that flock has been a consecrated hen, devoting all her energies to the good of the world; making every scratch, as it turns up the destroying grub, every cluck with which she calls her brood to the feast, and her joyous cackle with which she announces to her compeers her success—would not this, with the blessing of God on the whole, secure very different results from those experienced by our good brother down east?

Many suggestions have been made in the agricultural papers with reference to the best means for making hens lay. Some have recommended one thing, and some another. I would suggest this: Let there be a missionary hen in every brood; let God's blessing be on the whole, but especially on that one, be daily sought; let the interest, the enterprise, the care, that such an arrangement would be likely to create, be put in constant requisition, and then mark the results. Will not some farmers try it who have tried to make themselves believe that they have not the means to aid in the world's salvation? Will not some poor widows try it, whose hearts yearn to do good, but whose scanty pittance will hardly suffice to supply their most pressing wants? Remember the widow of old, whose meal and oil failed not, because God's blessing was upon it, and seek ye that blessing. Will not some children try it, whose young hearts swell at the thought of blessing the poor and needy? Try it, and the little you may do may be fraught with untold blessing to the perishing.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Coronation of Esther

(Lizzie Clarke Hardy, in 'American Messenger.')

It was a lovely walk along the river road from the village school to the little brown cottage on the bank of the river, and in the cottage there was Momsie Bliss, and that was about all the comfort that Esther had as she walked slowly home from school.

It was a sunshiny day in April. The trees had arrayed themselves in the soft shimmering green of early spring, and hepaticas, buttercups, wild-flowers and violets were lifting up their smiling little faces to catch the warm sunshine. A redbird flashed by like a crimson arrow, and robins and thrushes, bluebirds and orioles. carolled an dtrilled and quivered with the very ecstasy of their own melody.

All the fourteen years of her life Esther had lived in the far away city, and now she could not but be glad with all this opulence of beauty around her, but still the sore spot in her heart kept aching and there was a wistful look in the usually merry brown eyes.

It was a rather trying time in the little brown cottage, and Momsie Bliss had all she could do to make ends meet, and as Esther quaintly said, 'They wouldn't tie and leave anything over.'

Papa Bliss had been sick for a long time, and the city doctor had said, if he ever was to be well again, he must go away into the quiet country and rest, and so they had come to live in the little cottage. But Esther had found that being a new scholar in a strange school was very different from being a great favorite with all her old companions, and never being left out of any of the good times, as was the case at home.

And then there was Hilda Mathews, whose word seemed to be law with all the other girls, who seemed to take delight in making it as disagreeable as possible for the quiet, studious little girl who had easily taken her place at the head of all the classes in the seventh grade.

Esther had a sweet and loving disposition, and she did not know what to think of Hilda's strange conduct and it grieved her sorely. But on this particular afternoon Lucia Hall and Hilda had had a little tiff, and Lucia had walked with Esther down the river road and spoken her mind quite freely.

'I know we all toady to her, Esther. And she thinks because her father owns the band and is mayor of Millville that she ought to be first and foremost in everything. She's just jealous of you because you are ahead of her in the classes, that's all.'

'But I can't help that, can I?' said Esther, ruefully.

'Of course you can't,' answered Lucia, stoutly, 'and don't you feel bad if she don't invite you to her old party, either. I've a good mind not to go myself. I don't believe we'll have a very good time, anyway.'

'Oh, yes, I'm sure you will, but I heard her tell one of the girls that she wouldn't invite me, anyway,' said Esther, soberly. 'She said she didn't believe I had anything to wear except the old, faded-out dresses that I wore to school.'

'But you have, haven't you?' asked Lucia a little doubtfully.

'Yes, I have, but I have to wear my last summer dresses to school this year,' and then Esther closed her lips firmly, resolved not to talk about her troubles to her new-found friend.

'There now,' she said to herself as Lucia turned in at her own gate. 'I will just put on my morning face and not think any more about it, Momsie has trouble enough without bearing mine, but oh, dear, dear, I'm so lonesome for a real good time with the girls, and it's so awfully hard to be left out of everything.'

But in spite of the morning face Momsie could read her little daughter like a book, and she very well knew that her heart was troubled. And so that evening, as they sat on the river bank, she drew Esther's head down upon her shoulder and said gaily:

'When two at a burden lift
Each is twice as strong;
When two can sing together,
Blither is the song,'

'and so you had better tell me all about it, little daughter, and then we will both feel better.'

'Oh, Momsie, you're such a dear, but how do you always manage to find out things?' said Esther, nestling a little closer to her mother's side.

But Mrs. Bliss only smiled quietly and waited, and after a little Esther said soberly:

'It isn't anything really serious, Momsie, only the girls are not nearly so nice and so friendly as they used to be at home, and Hilda Mathews is going to have a May party, and I heard her tell one of the girls that she would not invite me because she didn't believe I had anything decent to wear. Lucia Hall says Hilda is jealous because I am ahead of her in the classes.'

'Then I am sure that Hilda is the one to be pitied,' said Momsie, thoughtfully.

'Yes,' said Esther a little doubtfully, 'but I don't want her to feel that way, I want her to like me and be friendly. It's so—so different from what I've been used to, Momsie,—' and the dark curly head went down upon her mother's knee, and Esther cried softly.

'Oh, well, I wouldn't mind, if I were you, dear. Just be kind and patient, and I am sure that when you are better acquainted the girls will love you for something else than your clothes. And besides you know that every cloud has its silver lining, and our silver lining is that papa is growing well and strong, and you know how much you are helping by being your own brave cheery self in spite of the troubles.'

And so Esther was comforted. But the days that followed were no better than before. Hilda was more disagreeable than ever, because some of the girls were growing to like the quiet, peaceable little girl who never resented ill-treatment, but kept quietly to herself, and easily ahead in all her studies.

Hilda had a little pony and road cart, and almost every evening after school she would take some of the girls for a drive out into the green country lanes. One evening Esther was walking along the river road when she saw Hilda driving toward her with one of the girls in the seat by her side. It had been raining, and there was a large pool of water in the road, and all at once Hilda leaned forward, and touching the pony with the whip whirled past, splashing the mud and water over Esther from head to foot, and as she stood with the tears of indignation making little rivulets down her mud-bespattered face, a mocking laugh fell on her ears as the pony whirled around the corner.

But a few days later something else happened.

Esther was out alone upon the bank of the river. The crimson and gold of the sunset sky was mirrored in a path of glory upon the rippling swift-flowing waters, the evening breeze was soft and fragrant and everything was so quiet and peaceful that all the trouble seemed for the time to drift away, and a sweet and peaceful serenity settled down upon the troubled heart of the lonely little girl.

Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs, and springing to her feet Esther saw Hilda's pony come tearing down the road with the lines under his flying feet, and clinging to the seat, with his yellow curls flying in the breeze and a look of terror upon his baby face, was Hilda's little three-year-old brother Clyde.

'He is running away,' cried Esther, 'he will strike the pile of rock when he turns the corner, and the baby will be killed,' and in an instant she was flying down the road toward the rearing, plunging pony. And then all that she could ever remember was of grasping the bit and being dragged and trampled and then of a sudden crash and a terrible pain, and the next thing she knew she was lying upon her own little bed and her mother was standing over her with a pale but smiling face, while just outside the door someone was sobbing and crying in a heartbreaking way.

'Was the baby hurt?' asked Esther faintly.

'No, dear, not in the least; you stopped the horse just at the edge of the pile of rocks, and the baby wasn't even thrown from the cart, but you have a sprained ankle and a bruise on your forehead, and so I am not going to let you talk very much at present; but here is some one who couldn't go home until she had seen you for just a moment.' Then Mrs. Bliss motioned for some one to come in the room. Hilda Mathews came softly in, and dropping on her knees beside the bed, buried her face in Esther's pillow and sobbed brokenly:

'Oh, Esther, you saved the baby's life, and after I had been so mean to you, too. And now I want to tell you I was just so mean and jealous that I didn't deserve it, Esther, and I don't know what to say to you, only to ask you to forgive me,' and then she broke down and cried again.

'But you mustn't cry, Hilda,' said Esther softly, 'just be glad the baby wasn't hurt, and—and let me love you a little.'

'Oh, Esther, I don't see how you can want to ever speak to me again, but I shall just worship you as long as I live. I only left the pony a moment to pick some flowers, and he was frightened at a little whirlwind of dust and started to run, and if it hadn't been for you, oh, I can't bear to think about it,' and then Hilda was sobbing again, and Mrs. Bliss led her softly from the room.

In a week's time Esther could sit up in the rocking chair by the window, and Hilda and the girls came to see her every day. Hilda's parents came also with little Clyde, and their earnest thanks brought the warm color to the pale cheeks of Esther, and afterward Papa Bliss and Mr. Mathews had a long talk out in the front porch.

Hilda had arranged to have her May party on the river bank not far from the cottage, and Esther was to be carried out in the chair. And she was sure it was the very happiest day of her life when Momsie slipped on the pretty white dress and tied the pink silk sash, saying it was quite warm enough for her to begin to wear her summer dresses.

Papa Bliss and Mr. Mathews carried her out in the chair, and Momsie and Mrs. Mathews marched along with the little procession of girls. A little platform had been built under a wide spreading tree and covered with a gay piece of carpet, and Esther's chair was placed carefully thereon. There was a big covered basket just behind the tree, but Esther just thought that it was the lunch basket, of course. There was a great deal of merry talk and chatter, the long table was set and loaded with

good things, and every one of the girls was so sweet and so kind and Esther was so happy that she did not notice a good deal of mysterious whispering and sundry stolen visits to the basket behind the tree.

Then suddenly there was a little breathless silence and the girls closed around the little platform, and Hilda Mathews stepped up behind Esther's chair and placed a crown of flowers upon her curly locks, saying with a little tremble in her voice:

'It is my privilege, Queen Esther, to crown you Queen of May.' Then the girls began singing as they circled around the tree:

'Oh, Esther is our Queen of May,
And this her coronation day,
With love and joy our Queen we greet,
And lay our offering at her feet.'

As the girls circled swiftly round and round, each one snatched a little parcel from the basket and laid it on the platform before Esther's chair, and then just as suddenly as the song had begun, it ceased; and such a time as there was opening the packages, and every girl had brought a lovely little gift for the Queen of May.

Esther was so surprised and bewildered that when she tried to thank the girls her eyes overflowed, and she turned to her mother with a little quivering smile:

'You thank them, Momsie; I'm afraid that I cannot,' she said, her whole face dimpling with happiness, and there were tears in Momsie's eyes, too. And then that evening, when Esther's heart was so full of happiness that she thought it could not hold a single bit more, Momsie told her that Papa Bliss was to have the position of superintendent of Mr. Mathew's big lumber yard, where he could be out in the fresh air among the fragrant pine lumber that would help to make him well, and with a salary that would go around, oh, ever so many times and then tie in a generous bow knot.

The Collection Service.

By common consent we will take a collection—
'Twould indeed be uncommon to make an objection
To such an affair in a meeting like this;
And indeed 'tis a part we most sadly would miss.

Please notice a feature that makes the collection
A service that ought to enlist your affection.
It is this, that each one can participate in it—
A chance which, dear friends, you will have in a minute.

The sermon, of course, is a grandly good feature,
But then it is all gotten off by the preacher;
And although if we all should help sing 'twould be fine,
Yet many there are who can't sing a line.

And though we would like to have every one pray,
Yet 'tis true that in prayer some have nothing to say.
This fault is most grievous, I have to confess,
But grievous or not, 'tis a fact none the less.

But how is it now about the collection?
Why, there all can help without an exception;
With nickel or penny or dollar or dime,
Each one in the room can take part ev'ry time.

Our collection to-night is not meant for a few;
It is meant as a service for all of you,
A service of which each may say, "'Tis for me;'—
And a service like that I pray it may be.

One Little Voice.

(Mrs. Susan M. Griffith, in 'Herald and Presbyter.')

The twelve-year-old girl sat curled up on the sitting-room lounge in the gathering shadows of coming night, thinking some 'long, long thoughts.' It was Saturday evening, and she was taking a final look at her Sunday-school lesson, which was on the 'Preaching of John the Baptist.' One verse of the lesson had impressed her very much, and she repeated it softly to herself, as she gazed out of the window into the streets, where the electric lights were leaping into life. It was this: 'For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.'

'It seems to me,' she murmured, giving utterance to her thoughts, 'that any one who loves Jesus Christ can be a voice, like John was, to some extent. The way of the Lord needs preparing now as much as ever, and straight paths ought to be made for the feet of those who repent and want to come to him. I know I have been walking very crooked, and Mina—dear little sister—travels right along in my footsteps. I was fairly frightened the other day, when she spoke disrespectfully to mamma, just exactly as I have done sometimes, and when she used those slang words I say so much, right before Professor Howard, in just the very tone I use, I was perfectly covered with confusion. If I make straight paths for her little feet, why will she not walk in them as well? I must do it, and I will be a voice for Jesus; I will speak for him whenever he gives me an opportunity. I am going to promise him that here and now.' And her young heart went up to God in sweet confidence as she sat there musing and gazing out of the window.

The shabby young man stood on the corner of Church and Spencer streets, and looked listlessly at the throng of worshippers going toward any one of the four handsome churches within a block of each other. He looked lonely and homesick and disheartened, and there was something worse on his face than these; there was a stern, hard, scorning look settling about his mouth and in his eyes, as he instinctively shrank away from them. What did these so-called Christians care for a poor fellow like him? Churches and all that belonged to them were a big lot of hypocrisy, anyway. There wasn't anything in it; nothing for a fellow in a shabby coat and little or no money. This was the third Sunday he had loitered around Church street, and no one had asked him to go into one of those handsome churches. He didn't know why he hung about there, only that he loved to listen to the music of the great organs, and then—there was tender memory always pleading in his heart! The dear mother he had left behind in the humble village home had put her arms about him and said the last thing to him: 'Johnny, you'll be sure to go to church of a Sunday, won't you? There's such a heap of nice churches in the city; you'll pick out one you like real well and go steady, won't you, sonny?' And he had never been inside of one yet. To be sure, he had come very near it; once he had mounted the steps and got almost within the door, and the wealth and culture of the place and the people frightened him, and he had slunk away, wishing in vain that some one would speak a kind word to him, and invite him in with a cordial grasp of the hand; but no one ever did.

As he stood there, this Sunday evening, so lonely and heartsore, thinking unthankful, unholy thoughts, a gentleman and a little girl came hastening along, evidently making for the nearest of the four churches. They had passed him, the little girl giving him an anxious, inquiring look, and he was just saying to himself that they were just like all the rest—for he had been attracted by their genial, chatty, pleasant manner together—when he heard her say quite distinctly, 'Papa, if you do not object, I should like to speak to that young man, he seems so lonely. Perhaps I can coax him to come into church with us.'

The young man's heart warmed, his throat had a choking sensation, his eyes filled. Would she do it—dared she? Oh, no, the gentleman wouldn't let her. But—yes, she was returning, and the father was waiting for her. She came straight up to him, and said in sweet, childish tones:

'Would you not like to go into the service to-night? It is a special meeting, and there will be very nice music, and Bro. —— will preach,' speaking a name that even he knew something of. 'Are you a stranger in the city? If so, this is my father, and he will show you to a seat and make you feel at home. I will be so glad to have you come.'

And then, what do you think the shabby young man did? Why, he lifted his hat awkwardly, and said, 'Thank you, but I guess I'll not come in to-night,' and turned away. Now, wasn't that one of the most inconsistent things you ever heard of? But, then, I'll tell you what I think; I think that un-Christian people are very unreasonable beings, anyway, don't you?

The little girl turned away also, very slowly, very sadly; but she had taken only a few steps, when back she came, swiftly and softly, and with the light of heaven on her sweet face. 'Please, sir,' she said, winsomely, 'if you will not come because I ask you, will you not come for the sake of the Lord Jesus, because he asks you into his house? Here is an invitation card full of his own invitations. Please take it, sir.'

Two years later you would not have known the shabby man. He was shabby no longer, but a quick, keen, diligent young business fellow, a member of that church, a teacher in its Sunday-school, a voice for Jesus everywhere. The sweet girl of fourteen sitting in the elegant pew, looks at him as he acts as usher, watches his bright face soften as he conducts his old mother, who has come to live with him, to her seat, and her mind again thinks the 'long, long thoughts of young.'

'If I had wings to my voice, I would soar to the heathen world,' she thinks; then again, 'I have the wings of prayer,' she says to her heart, and upward rises the incense of true worship, and the consecration of a soul.

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How They Missed the Blessing

They had gathered about the study-lamp. Agnes had taken up her fancy-work, Ned was busy with his algebra, Mr. Gray was poring over a lawbook and Cousin Margaret was looking over the latest issue of the daily paper.

'Hark, how the storm beats against the window!' said Ned, looking up from his book. 'A fellow is happy who has his own hearthstone such weather as this.'

'I am sorry it should have rained this evening,' Agnes answered. 'Dr. Edwards is always so interesting at the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting service, and I had hoped we could take Cousin Margaret to hear him.'

There was a look of surprise on Cousin Margaret's face and she turned inquiring eyes on Agnes.

'Do you have your prayer-meeting service only on pleasant evenings?'

'Oh, no, indeed, the prayer-meeting service is always held, no matter how stormy the weather.'

'Then you need not be sorry on my account that it is raining. I am accustomed to going out in all sorts of weather, and I do not mind the storm in the least.'

Ned whistled softly and father looked up from his book as if he had only just caught the drift of the conversation.

'You see, Cousin Margaret, we have the prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening, so we feel we can afford to stay at home when it storms.'

This was from Ned; Agnes had remained silent, but her cheeks were flushed as she glanced at Cousin Margaret.

'I scarcely thought you would care to go out in this storm,' she said.

'Oh, Agnes, if you only knew how hungry I am for just such services as these, and how in my western home I am deprived of them, you would not wonder that I am anxious to avail myself of every opportunity to be present. If you do not wish to face the storm, I would not have you do it on my account, but I am sure you will understand and excuse me if I go.'

Agnes laid aside the fancy-work and arose hastily.

'Indeed, I shall accompany you,' she said. 'I am not an invalid that I should mind the storm, and it is only force of habit that has kept me at home. We ought to leave here in ten minutes, Cousin Margaret.'

Mr. Gray closed the covers of the law-book with a bang and rose to his feet.

'You must not go unaccompanied,' he said. 'I'll be ready as soon as I put on my storm-coat.'

Ned laughed and threw his algebra-book on the corner of the couch. 'I was just wishing for an excuse to quit this,' he said. 'You must not suppose I am going to be the only one left at home.'

Just as Dr. Edwards announced the opening hymn, Mr. Gray and his family entered and heartily joined in the words of praise. There were few present, but they felt drawn very near the throne of grace as the pastor later expounded to them the word of God.

'"What seek ye?" asks the Master, his hands overflowing with priceless gifts; and we ask some little trifle, something scarcely worth the having, when such glorious fulness might be ours.'

Thus he talked heart to heart with his people and they left later, feeling refreshed both in body and soul.

'The wind has changed to the west and the stars are shining,' said Mr. Gray. 'It would have been too bad had we missed this blessing.'

'And I was thinking' Cousin Margaret said, 'of the empty seats and of those who had missed it and would be poorer all their lives because of it.'

'Yes,' said Agnes, thoughtfully, 'we lavish so much care and thought upon our bodies and our souls are starving and we do not know it. Thank you, dear cousin, for the lesson you have taught us.'—Sara Virginia DuBois, in 'American Messenger.'

Chickadee's Comfort.

(Mary Alden Hopkins, in the 'Sunbeam.')

When Mabel was twelve years old she received a very pretty canary for a birthday gift. He brought with him a letter:

Dear Mistress Mabel:

I have come to live with you now, and since you never have had a bird before, I will tell you what I need.

Please keep me out of draughts. My cage should be hung about five feet from the floor: nearer the ceiling is too warm.

Don't hang me outdoors, for some one will forget to bring me in when the sun grows too hot or the air too cool.

Please wash all my dishes in hot water every day, for if you do not a horrid little creature called a parasite will form in the water.

Be very careful to dry the perches thoroughly, for damp perches give me rheumatism.

Be sure my seed is pure, and give me a bit of fig or apple sometimes, or a small worm.

If you keep my cage neat and give me a bath every day, I will sing and chirp and make the room gay for you. Your loving,

CHICKADEE.

Thoughtlessness.

A boy of fourteen or so stopped to buy a banana from a barrow, and then, as he went slowly along, he peeled it and threw the skin on the sidewalk.

Quick as a flash a tall, broad-shouldered man just behind him stepped forward, took hold of the boy's coat-collar, and turning him round, exclaimed:

'Do you know what you are doing? You are putting danger in the way of fifty people who will pass this spot in the next five minutes. Kick that banana skin into the gutter, and never be guilty of such a thoughtless act again. Somebody might have broken a leg from your carelessness.'

The boy, with a surprised look, obeyed, and went on his way when the strong hand was removed, with a new idea, it is to be hoped, in his head, and a new resolve in his heart.

He 'did not think,' of course, when he did the deed, but he ought to have thought, and we ought to think every day whether we are putting stumbling-blocks or danger in our neighbor's way.—'Young Soldier.'

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Summit, N.J., has asked the board of fire chiefs to accept a forty-gallon coffee urn, to cost $150, which the union wishes to purchase and present the fire department so that the men may have hot coffee while at work at fires.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

In Peril on the Sea.

(The 'Presbyterian Witness.')

'For those in peril on the sea'—Hughie Bond sang the words over and over again to himself and almost unconsciously, and yet they were particularly appropriate to his present situation.

'What's that you're sayin'?' came in a gruff tone from the stern of the dory. 'If yer want to talk, why don't you speak out!'

'I wasn't saying anything to you, Ned,' responded Hughie mildly. 'I was just singin' to myself something I know.'

'What was it? Give us the whole of it,' demanded Ned, rousing himself from the state of semi-stupor he had been in for some hours past.

Hughie felt the color coming into his cheeks, for despite his rugged appearance, he had a vein of shyness in his nature, and he would have much rather not have complied with his companion's request, but he knew better than refuse, Ned Condon being a wilful man, and apt to be heavy of hand when met with opposition.

Accordingly, in a voice that, although utterly untrained, was not unpleasing, he began to sing that splendid hymn which has brought comfort to so many anxious hearts:

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

'Where'd you learn that?' grownel Condon, upon whom the words and music were making an impression that he resented and resisted.

'At the Mission School,' replied Hughie in a hesitating way, as if the statement might not be pleasing to his questioner.

Condon grunted sardonically, but instead of the jeering oath Hughie expected, relapsed into the sullen silence from which the boy's singing had aroused him.

The little dory rocked aimlessly upon the leaden-hued seas which stretched away on every side to the utmost limits of vision, and so far as its occupants could tell, they were the only living creatures in the world, save an occasional white gull that swept by them on graceful wing.

Two days had passed since Condon and Hughie had set out from the Cod-seeker, with a full complement of lines and bait, to drag a dory full of codfish from the opulent waters of the great Banks.

At first they had fared well, and their boat was rapidly filling with fine big fish, when suddenly a storm swept down upon them, and drove the light dory before it for many hours, during which they were in constant danger of being swamped or overturned.

All their catch had to be thrown back into the sea, and only by incessant bailing could they keep their frail craft afloat.

The strain upon nerves and muscles was fearful, and even the shaggy, sinewy Condon felt his strength failing him, while poor little Hughie could hardly hold up his head. When at last the violence of the gale abated and ere the next day dawned, only the heaving billows remained to show how furiously it had striven for the lives of the two hopeless dory-mates.

But although this one danger had passed, they were still in no slight jeopardy. Tortured by thirst, faint with hunger, and weakened by exposure, unless they soon had the good fortune to be picked up by a passing vessel, they were inevitably doomed to a terrible death.

And now the second night was darkening

down upon them without bringing any hope of their succour.

After a long silence during which Hughie's own thoughts were busy with what he had learned at the little Mission School, Condon, lifting his haggard face, said in a gentle tone, curiously unlike him:

'Sing that again, Hughie, the whole of it.'

Right glad was the boy now to comply. He knew every verse of the beautiful hymn, and this time he sang it fervently, finding comfort for himself in the doing of it.

Condon listened intently, and when Hughie had finished, made him sing it yet once more.

Then he began to ask questions about God, which the poor boy, whose whole knowledge of divine things had been gained in a brief attendance at the Mission School, found it very hard to answer. But the seals of his companion's silence having once been broken, he was not to be gainsaid, and at last Hughie said earnestly:

'Pray to God, Ned, now. He will answer you. He always does.'

'But I can't pray. I don't know how,' replied Condon, with a groan that showed how deeply he was stirred. 'You pray for me.'

'I can't do that,' Hughie responded. 'But,' he said gently, 'let us pray together.'

And so out in the midst of that wild waste of heaving waters, upon which the strayed dory was so insignificant a speck, with the stars as their only witness, this novel little prayer meeting was held, with a mere lad who knew no more about God than that he thought of him as the leader, and a rough fisherman hitherto utterly indifferent to all matters of religion, for congregation.

Strange and simple as it was, it proved the turning point of Condon's life.

On returning to his home Condon made no secret of his resolve to henceforth serve God. He even accompanied Hughie to the Mission School, and became a humble learner at the feet of the devoted missionary whose heart was greatly cheered by such a recruit. Not only so, but both by example and influence he sought to lead others into the fold of Christ and thus became a power for good in the little fishing hamlet on the bleak shore of Newfoundland.

My First Wolf.

(M. H. I., in the 'Morning Star.')

One bright afternoon in March, 1903, my husband and I set out from the village of Princeton, Minnesota, to make a few professional calls in the country. We had driven twelve miles or more, and had visited one patient, when, because of bad roads and heavy drifts, it seemed practicable to drive across the fields instead of continuing in the main highway.

When about a mile on the partially broken path, a runner broke and we were totally disabled. We wondered whether it would be better to return to the last house or press forward for help. It was in the late afternoon, but not yet twilight.

Finally it was decided that it would take too long a time to go back, a decision of which we afterwards had reason to heartily approve.

Far ahead over the prairie we could discern wolves and other signs of life, so leaving me sitting in the sleigh and well wrapped in furs and robes, the doctor went on.

He took the horses with him to bring back some kind of conveyance, and I sat contentedly listening to the receding bells and heartily enjoying the quiet scene. Neither of us had any apprehension of danger.

Suddenly, quite a distance at my right, I saw what I thought was a huge dog emerge from a clump of trees and sniff the air as if lost. He was a beauty, and I was admiring him, when, as I gazed, he leisurely trotted in my direction.

Then I saw his bushy tail and the shape of his nose. Lo! he was no dog, but a big, gray, timber wolf, the terror of the Minnesota farmer. That very winter two little girls near St. Cloud had been torn in pieces by one of these beasts, as they were returning from school.

What could I do? So far as human companionship was concerned I was alone, for my husband was a quarter of a mile away and out of sight.

God seemed very near, and I felt safe. At first I thought by keeping still the animal might not notice me. I little knew how keen was the sense of smell in a wolf. He evidently had seen me and was coming to investigate.

I had no weapon but the whip, no protection but the sleigh and robes. How I did pray to God to save me as I realized the situation!

Immediately I rose and flourished the whip, screaming 'Help! help!' throwing all the carrying power possible into my voice.

The wolf bounded forward, coming with long leaps straight toward me. Still I prayed and shouted.

Two or three rods from the sleigh was a wire fence. I saw the long, lank body as he neared this fence. Two ideas were uppermost in my mind; one, how soon it would all be over; the other, intense pity for my husband when he should come back and find—what I dared not think.

How the wolf crossed the fence I never knew. When I looked again he was on my side of it, but what a change! With dropped head and tail, as if ashamed, he slunk off at an angle of forty-five degrees, then faster and faster.

Suddenly I heard the shouts of men. My husband was returning with help. Then they came in sight, lashing the poor horses to their utmost speed.

The wolf had evidently heard the bells and voices before I could distinguish them. Hence his change of purpose.

With long, flying leaps he bounded away down across the field until he disappeared from sight among some oak trees. The farmer said he was one of the largest wolves he had ever seen. If he had had a gun he could easily have shot him.

We afterwards learned that on that very day, a man was obliged to dismount from a load of hay, and flourish a club in the face of a big wolf which had stopped his horses. Probably this was the same animal.

Excitement ran high. Doctor said they were just returning when they heard my cry, which startled them.

Did the wolf mean business? I never knew. But I had lived in Minnesota nearly fifteen years, and this was the first timber wolf I had ever seen, and he was at least interested in me. The animal was hungry. The snows had been heavy, and prey was scarce.

I was alone, but God heard my prayer and saved my life.

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How Addie was Comforted.

(Lena Griswold Browne, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

'A telegram for you, miss,' were the simple words of the messenger as the door was opened, and Addie Warren stood with extended hand and expectant face. Quickly the envelope was torn open and the message unfolded. Telegrams are soon read; no circumlocution at ten cents a word. Only a moment she glanced over the page, then slowly and mechanically it was returned to the envelope.

'Any answer required, ma'am?'

'No; no answer needed,' was the reply in a tone so unlike Addie's that she wondered at her own voice as she turned to go in.

'There's a quarter due, miss,' repeated the boy, the second time before she heeded him.

'Yes, of course; I forgot it,' she replied as she searched in her pocket for the money. Then she went in and sat down with that message of death before her.

'Your brother died on the 15th; was buried the 18th.'

These were the words which had come to Addie that sunny morning, and which had taken away all its light and joy.

The flowers were even then perfuming the little chamber in daily expectation of Walter's home-coming after an absence of four years in the far-away west, the land of the Golden Gate. There would be no glad home-coming now; no loving pressure of hands or lips; no word henceforth of greeting or farewell. The bitterness of death lay in that word, 'died.'

A few days later Walter's trunk arrived, but Walter himself had gone on a longer journey, never to return to his father's house. One after another the garments of the dear one were lifted out, as the sister bent tenderly over them. Strangers' hands had packed them as carefully as her own had done years before. There were the few favorite authors, neatly placed by themselves, and here was the little album with all the dear home faces.

But it was not for these the sister searched. Down in the corner, where she had stowed it with secret prayers and tears, lay the little pocket Bible, which had been bright and new, but which was now faded and worn. And close by lay Walter's diary. Eagerly she turned the pages and read the story of the trials, temptations and hardships which brave Walter never wrote in his bright, cheery letters.

Sometimes the record told of attending a Sabbath service, or of the arrival of a letter from home, or of a temptation boldly met and overcome. But over one entry in the little book Addie bowed her head, and tears, refreshing tears, came for the first time to her relief.

'I have been reading again in the little pocket Bible that Addie packed in my trunk. I always carry it with me now; I have read it every day since I found it, and I value it more and more. I shall never forget how Addie asked me to read it when she said goodbye. She never made any display of her religion, but she lived it every day, and I mean to be such a Christian henceforth.'

Tenderly the leaves of the little Bible were turned over and over, and with tears of joy Addie noticed the many verses underlined, and the delicate pencil marks which she had drawn around certain passages, which she found very heavily retraced.

* * * * * * * *

'Miss Warren does not seem to feel her brother's death very deeply,' some thoughtless person remarked, as he noticed the sister's peaceful smile.

Ah! Addie had been comforted.

The Rain-House.

Little Clarsie Clover
Said to Bibby Brown,
'I have thought a way to make
The cosiest house in town.
It will have a silken roof
And have a silken wall,

But of windows—real, true windows—
None at all.

'We can peep from under—
There'll be no need of glass;'
So she stuck an old umbrella
Handle in the grass.
Faded, rather shabby was it—
Once it had been blue;
Clarsie crawled beneath, and Bibby
Crept in, too.

'Now let's play 'tis raining,
Play the sky is dark,
Play there is a big tornado,
Play it thunders—hark!'
It did thunder; Bibby
Heard it very plain.

Clarsie cried, 'We're safe and cozy—
Let it rain!'

Came a gust—a shower
That wasn't any play,
And right in the midst of it
Their house walked away,
Silken roof went flying,
Silken wall went too,
And there the little girls sat,
Both wet through.

House went whirling over,
Far across the grass.
''Tis a lucky thing it hasn't
Windows of glass!'
So laughed Clarsie Clover,
And, laughing, Bibby Brown
Cried, 'I guess we are the wettest
Girls in town!'

—'Little One's Annual.'

The Red Hair Story.

(By Emilia Elliott, in the 'Congregationalist').

A sudden slamming of the garden door, a rush through the hall, and Meg—flushed, frowning—stood in the sitting-room doorway.

Grandmother looked up from her sewing. 'In trouble, dear?'

Meg flung herself on the lounge, burying her face in a big cushion. 'It's that horrid Ted—I can't stand it, being called redhead and lantern top, and'—Meg's voice died away in sobs.

'It is hard, dear; but brothers will tease and sisters must endure. Shall I tell you the red hair story?'

Meg sat up. 'What a funny name.'

'It's your mother's name for it.'

Meg settled herself cosily among the cushions. 'Please, I'm ready, grandmother.'

'Once upon a time,' grandmother began, 'there was a little girl with the reddest of red hair. Her name was Lydia, shortened generally to Lyddy, and she was thin and freckled, not one bit pretty. Her dearest friend was a plump, rosy child, with big brown eyes and a perfect mop of golden brown curls. Lyddy's hair was as straight as the proverbial poker.

'The "north lot" of the farm belonging to Lyddy's father bordered the "south lot" of the one where Blanche lived. Blanche called every day for Lyddy on her way down to the little district schoolhouse, and Lyddy stopped for Blanche Sunday mornings on her way to Sunday-school. At school Lyddy helped Blanche with her arithmetic and grammar, and Blanche helped Lyddy with history and geography; in spelling they kept close together at the head of class.'

'Didn't they ever quarrel?' Meg asked.

'Indeed, yes; Lyddy was a fiery little piece, but her wrath never lasted long. Blanche was slow to take offense—really, I'm afraid the fault was generally Lyddy's. She used to lay all the blame on that hair of hers. That red hair certainly caused her considerable unhappiness and often brought her into a decidedly disagreeable prominence among her mates. Particularly was that the case after Jim Dawson moved into their neighborhood and came to school.

'He would come on a cold day, asking Lyddy if he might warm his hands over her pigtails; or he would call out, "Lyddy, teacher wants a lock of your hair; the fire's out and she hasn't any matches!" And one night, when there'd been a spelling match, and Lyddy had

won, that provoking Jim said, just as they were all starting for home, "I say, Lyddy, it's such a dark night, pull off your hood and light us along."

'"I wouldn't mind, he's jealous you're so much smarter than he is," Blanche would say comfortingly.

'"So're you—he don't tease you," Lyddy would retort.

'It seemed as if that dreadful boy devoted all his energies to devising new forms of torture for poor Lyddy. He would snatch one of her tight little braids and one of Blanche's curls, holding them mockingly up in contrast. He drew endless pictures on the blackboard of them both, and Lyddy's were very highly colored. After a while Lyddy began to think that Blanche did not mind those pictures—but then, Jim made her pretty. Bit by bit, a miserable feeling of envy and distrust crept into Lyddy's heart; she grew almost to dislike Blanche. They still played together as usual, Lyddy too ashamed of her feeling towards her friend even to hint at it.

'When school closed for the summer vacation, matters righted themselves. With no one to draw daily contrasts between herself and Blanche, Lyddy's troubles almost disappeared.'

'How old was Lyddy, grandmother?' Meg asked.

'She and Blanche were both ten that summer—"twins" they used to call themselves.

'One afternoon, about the middle of vacation, Blanche came for Lyddy to come over to supper and stay all night. Lyddy was doing her seam on the back porch. It must be finished before permission might be asked. She took extra pains with her stitches, while Blanche perched on the piazza railing among the honeysuckle vines, chattered away about the fun they would have. "I've made cupcakes, and mother says we may have our supper under the apple tree—a tea party supper, with my best tea set."

'Lyddy's mother demurred a little over the "all night" plan, but finally consent was won. There was a sense of strangeness about the familiar fields, viewed under this new and exciting condition—to be going from home for a whole afternoon and night. Lyddy felt very grown-up and responsible.

'Her newly acquired dignity of manner did not last long. She was soon racing pellmell after Blanche, along the narrow, winding field path, tumbling headlong over the fence, in her desire to get there first. They waded in the brook, with excursions into the long meadow grass; then sat down to a never failing amusement, the making of burr baskets. Soon they had a fine assortment, arranged on the flat stone between them. But Blanche was in a restless mood; catching up her best basket, she crushed it into a hard knobby ball, tossing it at Lyddy. A fierce game followed, lasting until Blanche, getting a burr in her hair, cried for truce.

'"I wouldn't want to get more than one in, tiresome things," she said, shaking back that wealth of sunny curls.

'Lyddy's grimy little hands closed convulsively. The sunshine falling on Blanche's hair, turned it into a wondrous mass of gold. Lyddy's heart ached with the beauty of it.

'"S'pose you did get a lot of burrs in your hair?" she said.

'"It would have to be cut off."

'"Ev'ry bit?"

'"Short, of course."

'"It would take a long while to grow long again?" Lyddy questioned.

'"I guess so."

'"Would it be curly?"

'"I don't know. Let's go to the house." Blanche danced ahead, swinging her sunbonnet by one string, throwing and catching the burr ball with her other hand.

'Lyddy followed, feeling very wicked. For one moment she had wished—really and truly wished—that Blanche would get a lot of burrs in that brown hair of hers. All the fun and pleasure of the afternoon had vanished. She had half a mind to go home. More and more slowly she walked, until Blanche, turning back, seized her hand, forcing her into a run and into good spirits as well. Lyddy helped feed the chickens and set the family supper table, quite cheerful again.

(To be continued.)

'Men who think seriously will not drink; men who drink will soon not be able to think seriously.

Willie's Question.

Where do you go when you go to
sleep?
That's what I want to know;
There's loads of things I can't find
out,
But nothing bothers me so.
Nurse puts me to bed in my little
room
And takes away the light;
I cuddle down in the blankets warm
And shut my eyes up tight,
Then off I go to the funniest place,
Where everything seems queer;
Though sometimes it is not funny
at all,
Just like the way it is here
There's mountains made of candy
there,
Big fields covered with flowers,
And lovely ponies, and birds and
trees,
A hundred times nicer than ours.
Often, dear mamma, I see you there,
And sometimes papa, too;
And last night the baby came back
from heaven,
And played like he used to do.
So all of this day I've been trying
to think,
Oh, how I wish I could know
Whereabouts that wonderful country is,
Where sleepy little boys go.
—'The Independent.'

Little Bits That Help or Hinder.

A little bit of worry,
A little bit of flurry,
A little bit of hurry,
Just made the work go wrong;
A little bit of doubting,
A little bit of scouting,
A little bit of pouting,
Just stilled the soul's glad song.

The little haste confessing,
The little doubt repressing,
The little wrong redressing
To God the whispered prayer;
His pardon then believing,
His smile with joy receiving,
His purpose then achieving,
His joy again we share!
—'Temperance Record.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 26.

Review of the Life of Christ.

Golden Text.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name. Philippians ii., 9.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 20.—Mark vii., 24-37.
Tuesday, June 21.—Mark ix., 2-13.
Wednesday, June 22.—Luke xi., 1-13.
Thursday, June 23.—Luke xv., 11-24.
Friday, June 24.—Matt. xxvi., 17-30.
Saturday, June 25.—Mark xv., 22-39.
Sunday, June 26.—Matt. xxviii., 1-15.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

We speak of the study of the life of Christ as though we had each year of his earthly history before us. As a matter of fact, however, the recorded events in his life occurred within a very small portion of it.

We have the account of his birth and the things which immediately followed, until the family settled in Nazareth; but nothing more until he is found in the temple talking with the doctors, at the age of twelve. Then come 'the eighteen silent years,' of which we have no incident.

Finally, at thirty years, he began his ministry, which lasted about three years. So we see that, from his infancy until he was thirty, we catch only a glimpse of Christ. The written history of his deeds and sayings cover but a small part of his life. See John xxi., 25.

It ought not to be hard, then, to get the outline facts of the Saviour's career so firmly fixed in the memory that we will not confuse events in opening the Gospels or in hearing references to them. A synopsis is a good thing to start with in studying most subjects. It gives us a sort of bird's eye view of the important and most noticeable facts, and aids us to take up the details later.

Suppose, with regard to the order of events, we suggest a few of the points for such an outline, allowing the student to fill in other things for himself. The years given are those commonly agreed upon by scholars.

Year.	Event.
B. C. 4.	Birth.
A. D. 9.	In the temple.
A. D. 27.	Baptism and entrance upon work.
A. D. 27.	His ministry begun in Judea, lasting about 1 year.
A. D. 28.	Galilean ministry begun, lasting about 22 months.
A. D. 29.	Galilean ministry continued.
A. D. 29.	Perean ministry begun, lasting 3 or 4 months.
A. D. 30.	Perean ministry closed.
A. D. 30.	Trial, death and Resurrection.

But mere dates do not make history, so it is not wise to be content with a simple list of occurrences in their order, without regard to their importance, their relation to each other, or the amount of information we have about them. The life of Christ may be divided into:

I. THE PERIOD OF PREPARATION. B. C. 6-A. D. 27.

1. The anticipatory events:
   a. Annunciation of the birth of John the Baptist.
   b. Annunciation of the birth of Christ.
   c. Birth of John the Baptist.
2. The birth and childhood of Jesus:
   a. Birth at Bethlehem.
   b. Adoration.
   c. Presentation in the temple.
   d. Flight into Egypt.
   e. Massacre of innocents.
   f. Coming to Nazareth.
3. The years of preparation:
   a. Life at Nazareth after the return from Egypt.
   b. Christ in the temple, at age of twelve.
   c. The eighteen silent years before his baptism.

II. THE PERIOD OF LABOR. A. D. 27-30.

1. The opening events:
   a. Baptism.
   b. Temptation.
   c. First disciples chosen.
   d. Miracle at Cana.
2. The Judean ministry:
   a. Temple cleansed.
   b. Conversation with Nicodemus.
   c. Baptizing in Judea.
3. The Galilean ministry:
   a. Three circuits of Galilee.
   b. Ministry to the multitudes.
   c. Ministry to the disciples.
   d. The Twelve sent forth.
   e. Transfiguration.
4. The Perean ministry:
   a. Feast of Tabernacles.
   b. Seventy sent forth.
   c. At the home of Mary and Martha.
   d. Raising of Lazarus.
   e. Plotting against Jesus.
   f. Death and Resurrection foretold.
   g. Anointing at Bethany.
5. The Passion Week:

Friday, March 31, A. D. 30. Arrival at Bethany.
Saturday. Anointing by Mary.
Sunday. Triumphal entry.
Monday. Cleansing the Temple.
Tuesday. Last day of public teaching.
Wednesday. Retirement at Bethany.
Thursday. Passover. Agony in the garden.
Friday. Betrayal. Trials. Crucifixion. Burial.

III. THE PERIOD OF TRIUMPH.

1. The resurrection:
   a. Women at the tomb.
   b. Angelic vision.
   c. Appearance to women.
   d. Peter and John at the tomb.
   e. Report of soldiers.
   f. Walk to Emmaus.
   g. Appearance to the Eleven.
   h. Appearance in Galilee.
2. The Ascension:

In this outline only a few of the leading facts have been given, to aid in preparing a short synopsis of the history of Christ's life on earth, so that all references to it will be more easily fixed. The student will be greatly benefited if he will make a short outline of his own. Don't trouble too much over dates: get the events. An outline can be made from the Gospels, but it might be better for the beginner to have some good harmony. The American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New York, and Silver, Burdet & Co., Boston, Mass., can supply them, as can other religious publishing houses.

Remember, in learning of Christ, that in his day, there was no New Testament. He showed plainly how the Scriptures of the Old Testament referred to him, and we can find his life foreshadowed there. For instance, take Psalm xxii. and see how clearly his death and even particular circumstances connected with it are mentioned. So also Isaiah liii.

In our next lesson we return to our studies in the old Testament. The lesson for July 3 is 'The Kingdom Divided.' I. Kings xii., 12-20.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 26.—Topic.—Signs that India is becoming Christ's. Ps. xxii., 22-31.

Junior C. E. Topic.

PEACE-MAKERS.

Monday, June 20.—A quarrel avoided. Gen. xxi., 25-32.

Tuesday, June 21.—Going away from a quarrel. Gen. xxvi., 12-17.

Wednesday, June 22.—Giving up for peace. Gen. xxvi., 18-22.

Thursday, June 23.—Making peace. Gen. xxvi., 23-33.

Friday, June 24.—Live peaceably. Rom. xii., 18.

Saturday, June 25.—Slow to anger. Prov. xv., 18.

Sunday, June 26.—Topic—The story of a peace-maker. Gen. xxvi., 12-33; Matt. v., 9.

The Shut Book.

(Mary A. P. Stansbury, in 'S. S. Teachers' Monthly.')

'Tommy,' I overheard a mother saying to her twelve-year-old son, the other Saturday afternoon, 'have you studied your Sunday-school lesson?'

'No, mamma,' answered Tommy, 'I have not had time.'

'Then I think you had better do it now, dear, before you go out again to play.'

'But, mamma,' persisted the boy, 'I really don't have to study it. I can find the answers of all the questions on the lesson-leaf in class.'

'But that is not at all the right way to do,' said the mother in surprise. 'What would your teacher think of a little boy who had been too indolent or thoughtless to learn his answers so as to be able to say them with the book shut?'

Oh, mamma!' cried Tommy earnestly, 'I'm sure Miss Morton doesn't mind. She has to look on the book herself to make up the questions.'

'The child has struck the nail on the head,' I said to myself as I listened. 'What right have any of us who profess to be teachers, to expect more of our pupils than we demand of ourselves?'

The teacher who comes before her class uncertain of her subject, depending for historical facts or illusions upon reference to Bible or lesson-leaf, forced to frame her questions, parrot-like, upon the exact phrasing of the text, is at a distinct disadvantage.

First of all, she loses the power of the eye. The wavering glance, directed one moment upon the scholar, and the next upon the printed page, has in it very little magnetism with which to compel the wandering attention.

Second, the element of sympathy is lacking. How can one expect a volatile child to feel with her that which has impressed her own thought so slightly as to require the constant prompting of the sense of sight, in order to give impulse to laggard memory and feeling?

Third, and most important of all, the teacher can give no more than she has herself made her own. It is blessedly true, indeed—such is the divine vitality of the very words of Scripture—that a message may sometimes impart itself through the lips of an indifferent or careless teacher. But such a teacher will herself have contributed little or nothing to the result. It is the fusion in the alembic of a glowing, loving human heart, of the truths lying through so many ages crystallized in the written Word, which flows out in streams of power into the plastic moulds of other and younger hearts.

Example is more than precept. She who, saturated with her theme, learns the art of teaching with the shut book, will not be long in finding how the ready answer springs to meet the apt question. In freeing herself from bondage to the printed page, she will have stimulated the memory of her pupils, quickened their perceptions, and awakened their power of original thinking in the application of truth.

In the nursery days when the child asks to have the same story told over and over, nature is hinting at magnificent possibilities in the way of storing memories with precepts and Bible truths that will become fixed, later, like the print of a foot in the new asphalt. Primary Sunday-school teachers, Junior superintendents, yours is a throne on which even the minister does not sit. You ought to thank God for the immortal wax he puts in your hands.—John F. Cowan.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Official Statement

—of the—

SATAN LIQUOR DEALERS AND CO.

THIS is to show the public that our business is a great success. We are patronized by a great army of the old men, and by a large percentage of the young men, and the boys are coming in rapidly in spite of all parental, social and legal restraints.

Our income from the liquor business is $1,000,000,000 per year. Such an income enables us to control the great political parties, and to largely dictate to the law-making powers of the land, and to defy what we cannot dictate.

We make business for the policeman, lawyers, courts, etc., and furnish a very large percentage of the occupants for prisons, almshouses and hospitals, at a cost to the country of $1,000,000,000 per annum; but taxpayers willingly vote to foot the bills.

We receive a large income from the poor working classes, and make the children cry for bread; but it makes fat living for the lawyers. In short, we have the honor of destroying more people, ruining more families, blighting more prospects and causing more real suffering and distress than all other combinations put together. Even wars, famines and pestilences are failing to work such an amount of havoc among the people as we are doing.

In conclusion, we would express our thanks to the Government officials and voters for the assistance they have rendered to us.

(Signed),

SATAN LIQUOR DEALERS & CO.,

Manufacturers of

POVERTY, DISTRESS, CRIME AND DAMNATION.

Ruining Young Men a Specialty.

Corner Tax and Licence Sts., Pandemonium.

Orders taken at all the Drinking Saloons and Houses of Debauchery in the land.

Prompt attention paid to all our patrons, and especially those who are just learning to spend their money with us.

Don't Look at It.

I once learned a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog, and say 'No,' and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. He seemed to feel that if he looked at it the temptation would be too strong, so he always looked steadily at my father's face.

A gentleman was dining with us one day, and he said—'There is a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation; always look away to the Master's face.'

Yes, this is the only way. Do not look at temptation. 'Avoid it, pass away.' When the thought of doing wrong in any way comes into your heart, however small a thing it is, you may be sure it comes from Satan; so do not look at it, but look up at Jesus, and ask him to keep you and make you more than conqueror over every temptation, through him that loves you.—'Temperance Leader.'

What Will They Do?

What will the young men who are tending bar do when prohibition prevails? If they are honest, let them do what other honest young men do, hunt a job.

What will drunkards do when all the saloons are wiped out? Start a laughing school.

What will the business men do when the saloons bust up? Do more business, hire more clerks, make more money, and do lots of good.

What will the one-half of the policemen do who will be 'let out' when the saloons are all dead? Sell pictures of former scenes in the police court of the 'has beens.'

What will become of the 'has beens?' During the day they will be at work, and in the evenings they will dress parade on the streets with their new clothes.

What will become of the ice man who sold so much ice to the saloon-keepers? He will sell more ice to families, and ice to families that never got any ice in saloon days.

What will become of the tailor who sells a $40 suit of clothes every three months to the saloon-keeper? He will be making fifty $20 suits for the men who patronized the saloon keeper.

What will become of the poor landlord who got such good rent from the saloonkeeper? He will get just as much, if not more, rent from a man whose business will lessen the landlord's taxes.

What will become of the city jailor? We'll start another street sprinkler, and put him on as a driver.—'The Searchlight.'

Slaves.

'They are slaves who fear to speak,
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves that will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.'
—Lowell.

Drink and Gambling.

In the 'Pall Mall Magazine,' Mr. G. F. Watts expresses himself strongly on drinking and on gambling. The eminent painter says:—'I look across our English world and see clearly and distinctly the two vices which, more than anything else, are obstructing the wheels of progress—drinking and gambling. They are apparent to the least observant of men. You cannot take up a paper, or walk through the streets of a city, without realizing the awful ruin which these two evils are working in the world. But if this is so patent, if this is the general agreement of mankind, why is there no concentration of national energy on the subject? Think how great a revolution would be wrought in English character and in English health if legislature set itself sternly to the task of preventing drunkenness and gambling! Just those two things.'

Where There's Drink There's Danger.

Write it on the liquor store,
Write it on the prison door,
Write it on the gin-shop fine,
Write, ay, write this truthful line—
'Where there's drink there's danger.'

Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it in the copy-book,
Where the young may often look—
'Where there's drink there's danger.'

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the drink-slain dead are found;
Write it on the gallows high,
Write for all the passers by—
'Where there's drink there's danger.'

Write it in the Christian's home;
Tell them how the drunkards roam
Year by year from God and right,
Proving with resistless might,
'Where there's drink there's danger.'

Write it in the nation's laws,
Trampling out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read aright—
'Where there's drink there's danger.'

Write it over every gate,
On the church, the halls of state,
In the heart of every band,
On the laws of every land—
'Where there's drink there's danger.'
—'Temperance Leader.'

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No Drink! No Drink For Me

'Health,' a journal of health and hygiene, says that the excessive use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs. Profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion, perversion of functional activities, and local inflammation of liver and kidneys, are constantly present. A stupor amounting to almost paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the excessive beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. Compared with inebriates, who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable, and more generally diseased. The constant and inordinate use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces.

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A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of June 4, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Progress of the War—The New York 'Post.'
A Terrible Defeat and a Costly Victory—The New York 'Post.'
Letters from the Front—Russian War Correspondent's Views—The 'Westminster Gazette.'
President Loubet and the Pope—The Springfield 'Republican.'
France and the Vatican—New York Papers.
The New Canadian Transcontinental—The 'Sun,' New York.
The Chinaman in the Colonies—By W. Bovill, in the 'World's Work,' London.
Chinese Exclusion an Injury to Trade—'Leslie's Weekly,' New York.
Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham—English Papers.
The Coming Election—Speeches by Mr. John Morley and Mr. Churchill—The 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Daniel Vierge—Personal Recollections of the Spanish Artist—By R. C., in the New York 'Tribune.'
Dr. Joachim's Diamond Jubilee—The 'Standard,' London.
Dr. Keighley on Pronunciation in Song—The Manchester Guardian.
Wagner Made Easy—The 'Christian Commonwealth,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Spring Song—By George Meredith.
Thanatos Athanatos—Sonnet, by John Hay, in the 'Century Magazine.'
Sunday—From the German of O. Wildermuth—By H. F., in the 'Westminster Gazette.'
Tennyson and the New Generation—The 'Pilot,' London.
Death of Maurus Jokai—The 'Standard,' London.
The Tricentenary of Don Quixote—The 'Tribune,' New York.
Browning: One Word More—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Road to Fame—By E., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Sunday Morning in London—At the Bunhill Adult School—By G. H., in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Negro and His Church—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Purer Air—The 'Scientific American.'
The Khedive's Peridotes—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Explanation of Comet Tails—The 'Electrician,' London.
Do We Eat Too Much?—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Telegraph's Sixtieth Birthday—The 'Electrical World and Engineer.'

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

JUNE.

1.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Matt. v., 7.
Alberta M. Eisenhaur, Flora V. Atkinson, Georgina Campbell, Effie (10), Naomi Zwicker, Ada Veinelle, Hugh Bowman.

2.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Matt. v., 8.
Hazel Mandeville.

3.

Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me. Luke vii., 23.

4.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Matt. v., 9.
Victoria Aljoe.

5.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. John xiv., 27.
George Monck.

6.

The joy of the Lord is your strength. Neh. viii., 10.

7.

In quietness and confidence shall be your strength. Isa. xxx., 15.
Arthur B. Babevet.

8.

If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. John xv., 7.
Mrs. Samuel E. Hallamne.

9.

He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing. John xv., 5.

10.

I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth much fruit, and that your fruit might remain. John xv., 16.
Grace Allen Richardson.

11.

The work of our hands establish thou it. Ps. xc.
Ruth Stockton.

12.

Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven. John xviii., 18.

13.

I say unto thee, Arise. Luke vii., 14.
Mary G. Bompas.

14.

It is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. Romans xiii., 11.
Grace Euste, Grace C., Elsie A. Purrunel, Alice W. Clough.

15.

Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. John xxi., 6.
John Samuel Hallamne.

16.

The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life. John vi., 63.
R. W. E. McFadden.

17.

He that is of God, heareth God's words. John viii., 47.
Donald J. Perry, John S. Morrison.

18.

If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine. John vii., 17.

19.

It is the spirit that quickeneth. John vi., 63.
Rebie E. Elder.

20.

Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. John xiv.
Robert Darrell, Veevor Hudspeth, Amanetta M. Hallamne.

21.

Be strong and of a good courage. Josh i., 6.
Alice Martin.

22.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up on wings as eagles. Isa. xl., 31.
Myra M. B.

23.

Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. Matt. xxi., 28.

24.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest. Matt. ix., 38.
Lillian G. Carter, Gertrude Patterson.

25.

The Lord hath need of them. Matt. xxi., 3.

26.

Fear not . . . ye are of more value than many sparrows. Matt. x., 31.
James Archibald.

27.

Follow thou me. John xxi., 22.

28.

Whom say ye that I am? Matt. xvi., 15.
Eva M. Kemp.

29.

Lord, increase our faith. Luke xvii., 5.
Delbert M. Robar.

30.

Give ye them to eat. Matt. xiv., 16.
Belle M. Hoar, Mrs. Abner Spidle, Edna Vera Rafuse, Alexander M. Ferguson.

Will those who wish their names in the Birthday Book send them in as soon as possible if they fall in July or August.—Cor. Ed.

In writing, please mention the name of any boy or girl whose letters have interested you most, and we will ask them to write again. —Cor. Ed.

Utterson, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw a sample of the 'Messenger,' and liked it so well, that mamma is giving it to me for a birthday present. I saw a letter written by a little girl of my name, Hazel B., but she lives in Peterborough, I think, while I live in Muskoka. What do you think of my writing, Mr. Editor? I am twelve years old, and in the third class at school. I have never seen a letter from Muskoka yet.
HAZEL A. B.

I think you have a very fair hand for your age.—Cor. Ed.

Ettyville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for ever so long. When my aunt and mother were little girls they used to take it. I thank the Editor very much for sending it on, as I wanted to finish the story about Christobel. I sewed all the papers together with the story of Daph in, and am going to send them away to a friend of mine. I live on a farm. I like living on a farm in summer, but not in winter. I go to school most of the time, and expect to try the entrance this summer. I have one sister and two brothers, and one brother dead. They are all younger than myself. One of my brothers goes to school with me.
FERNIE F.

Loggieville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' in the Sunday-school, and I think it is a lovely paper. I have one sister, her name being Evelyn, and one brother named Alvin. He is a clerk in a store. We have an organ, and I take music lessons from my sister. She is the organist of the Presbyterian Church. We have a new church built, and expect it to be opened in about a month. We got a bell donated for it. My father is the assistant postmaster. I have a pet kitten which I call by the name of Tib.
ILDA G. L. J. B. (aged 12).

Middle Clyde, Shelburne Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. My birthday is on April 18. I was born on Easter Sunday. I go to school in summer, but in the winter it is too far to walk. I am going to tell you about a kind gentleman of New York. His name is Mr. Gerard, and he often comes to my grandpa's in summer to catch trout, and this winter he sent grandpa $5 to divide among the pupils of the school. With some of the money I am subscribing for the 'Messenger' again, so it will come in my name. I have great fun in winter playing in the snow, and I sometimes go down on the ice and slide. My papa and two brothers were logging during the winter. We live near the river Clyde, so in the spring I can watch the logs go down the stream. I have a cat, and her name is Minnie. She will jump very high.
LLOYD A. N.

Bloomfield, Car. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—Grandpa lives with us. He was born in South Shields, England, on Nov. 9, 1812. He went to sea when he was thirteen years old, and was a sailor for eleven years. He was the second settler in Bloomfield, coming here in 1847. At that time the country was all a wilderness, and he gave the place the name it still has, Bloomfield, although it was not a very blooming place then. He has lived here most of the time ever since. We have taken the 'Messenger' for over fifteen years, and it is such a favorite that it seems as though we could not get alone now without it. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,
MYRON V. S.

Gouverneur, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—Having read of the Royal League of Kindness in the 'Messenger,' I told my school about it, and called for volunteers to join it, with the result of securing the following names, which includes all the pupils present that day:—Althea Campbell, Rodney Campbell, Lucy Campbell, Inez Campbell, Earl Storie, Reginald Storie, Ellery Storie, Irene Soper, Vinnie Soper, Mildred Alexander, Guy Fleming, Georgie Smith, Leon Force, Claudie Apple, Olga Price.
WINNIFRED M. F.

Beachburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country. I have one brother and one sister, and their names are John Edward and Ethel Gertrude. I take the 'Messenger,' and we enjoy reading it very much. We live on a farm, about twenty-five miles from Renfrew, and eighteen miles from Pembroke. There is no railway here. There are quite a few little towns around. I am not going to school yet, but I will soon go. I am in the second reader, and I like reading very much. We had a bad snowstor mon April 19, and it snowed all day, and when night came, there was over a foot of snow, but it all went away again in a couple of days, so now the people are putting in their crops. The grass is growing lovely and green. There was not so much skating out here this spring as usual, but there was a little. I am a girl of four feet nine inches in height, and I weigh ninety lbs. I think I will join the Royal League of Kindness:

To speak kindly to others.
To speak kindly of others.
To think kind thoughts.
To do kind deeds.

BERTHA MARIA A.

Inkerman, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write a letter to your valuable little paper, the 'Northern Messenger.' My sister takes it, and we all like it very much. We live on a farm of fifty acres, about one mile from the village of Inkerman. It is only a small place, but it can boast of no licence to sell liquor. Some one said they would rather hear something about books than pets. I have read quite a number of books: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Opening of a Chestnut Burr,' and quite a few of 'Pansy' books; but I think 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' about the best of them all. We have a public library in our village, so we get a lot of good reading from it. Why do not more of the older boys and girls write? I think that would improve the correspondence page a great deal; scarcely any of the boys write. We have an organ, and I have taken one term of lessons, but do not care very much for it. I would rather have either a horse or a wheel. We have a horse. I can drive, so we can drive ourselves out, as my only brother is married. I have two sisters, both of them younger than I am, and my brother is older. I hope you will accept me as one of your circle.
JESSIE J. C.

HOUSEHOLD.

Some Hot Weather Hints.

(Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, in the New York 'Observer.')

A gas or oil stove and an ice box, while among the necessities, are not as some seem to think, the only comfort-conducing things for the hot days.

The stay-at-home housekeeper who is also maid, defines an 'ideal summer' as one in which she is up with her work, having the necessary time for canning and preserving as the fruits reach their perfection, also time for a generous getting out of doors among the flowers and vegetable beds, and time for the occasional one-day excursions which delights the small folks and which, while fatiguing enough to the one who must make preparations for leaving as well as for going (for the lunch basket is not all), is a change that keeps us toned up, as it were, and more companionable.

I know of nothing so discouraging, as a bottomless pile of sewing that has dragged over into the summer, and yet must be done. The fingers sweat, the needles stick, and everything seems to be in a hopeless state of glutinous exhaustion, how much better to have this work finished months before!

For this we must plan well and begin way back in the winter, getting all the blouses, skirts, petticoats, and little trousers made up when one is obliged to remain indoors more, and when the goods are most reasonable from the mid-winter sales. Sensible every day garments plainly made and plenty of them, should be the rule, plainly made saves so much hard ironing, and plenty of them does away with the mid-week wash, which is not a pleasant duty when the mercury dances between eighty-five and ninety-five degrees. Overalls save a great deal of washing, they are inexpensive, cool, and are now used for the little maids as well as the little men, just what they need to play in the sand pile or dig in their small gardens.

One should not try to do their housework in anything but the most comfortable of garments. Personally, I find nothing so satisfactory as the old-time sacque and skirt, it gives ease and always looks neat, whereas the shirt waist binds the waist and is frequently 'breaking apart,' to show the bindings and underwear; one can reach, turn, twist, as we sometimes must in housework, and with the sacque and skirt never look disruffled about the waist. The advantage it has over the wrapper is that the sacque may be laundered twice to the skirt once, the wrapper must be done up as soon as the waist and sleeves are soiled.

The sacque also saves the nuisance of stiff collars and cuffs, for they are made with turned down collars needing no cold starching and sleeves that may be rolled above the elbow.

Even with the spring cleaning and sewing done in season, one will not find time for much out-of-door life, unless they are willing to relax a little on the iron clad rules of cooler weather and economize themselves, which after all, is the keynote to the whole matter.

With plainly made everyday garments, one need not be a slave to the ironing board. There are more washdresses and blouses, to be sure, but one can balance them by ironing only these, the table linen, shirts, skirts and handkerchiefs, everything else can be folded from the line, while warm from the sun, the towels, bed linen, underwear and hosiery can be placed directly in the bureau, needing no airing and saving just so much handling.

The value of the 'cool of the morning' for the harder work is too well known to be dwelt upon here. The cooking made simpler, the housework lighter, all helps in the economy of the strength. The chamber work is lightest in the summer, the porch or piazza transformed into a sitting room, save much sweeping and dusting of the living rooms, which like the chambers should be divested of surplus hangings and heavy draperies until the cooler weather comes again. The rooms will be cleaner and airier without them.

It is astonishing how much heating up one can avoid by planning ahead in the cooking With an abundence of fruit and melons, which anyone with a bit of ground can have by a little extra work, the pastry cooking is reduced to a minimum. Leave the cherry pies and berry puddings for the cooler days, that are often scattered through the summer, and if a change from the bread-and-butter and fruit diet is desired, try a dish of baked sweet apples and cream (the August sweets come early) a mould of Irish moss or gelatine, a steamed custard or a dish of rice boiled light and flaky, either of these are quickly prepared.

Vegetables, fresh fish and crisp salads, are better than much meat at this season. Our little plot supplies us with green and butter beans, peas, lettuce, cucumbers, summer squash, beet, spinach, radishes, and later sweet corn, tomatoes and celery. Frequent transplanting from the seed-bed gives us lettuce all the summer and fall, the nucleus of many an appetizing salad. Make up a stock of salad dressing some cooler day while the eggs are still reasonable. There are dozens of receipts that keep well for months.

Cold meat is preferred to hot, which greatly simplifies the meat question, and roast beef, boiled mutton and fowl should lead as hot weather meats.

But while one can economize in the labor of cooking, it is not wise to economize much in the manner of serving; hot weather appetites are fickle at best, unless one has the country or sea air for tonic; what we eat must not only be perfect in taste, but faultless in appearance; soiled linen, blurred glass, or smooched dishes are not the best of appetizers, neither are wilted flowers, drooping lettuce, soft butter and unmanageable salt. Lettuce and cress, after being well washed, will become crisp if laid upon the ice, for an hour or so; cucumbers need to be pared, and put into fresh water, then set next the ice; melons, tomatoes, pineapples and other fruit requiring paring and slicing, should be prepared before being chilled.

Keep the bread boxes and cake jars sweet by more frequent scaldings and the salt dry by adding one-third part corn-starch when filling the shakers.

Have screens that screen and the flies will not make your spring cleaning a duty to be repeated during dog-days. The adjustable screen may do for occasional use, but in windows that must be open at all times, the fitted screen only is a success, lasts many years, if kept in a dry place when not in use, and adds to the housewife's comfort as greatly as do the refrigerator and gas range.

Keep the refrigerator sweet and clean, scalding the drain pipe each time, darken the dining-room, and the stray fly will depart for brighter skies, the darkened room too is restful after the heat of the kitchen, the heat of the street, the glare of the furrow and all the tracks of the different toilers; the temperature may not be materially lowered, but the delusion is enjoyed. Do not forget the fresh bouquet, even the gardenless may secure this very graceful addition to the dinner table by aid of a thrifty window box and the wild treasures gleaned during the occasional outings.

With care, flowers will look well several days; change the water and cut off the water-soaked ends of the stems each day.

There is just one thing more, the summer visitor, for whom the housekeeper must plan. The ideal visitor needs no mention here, but the visitor who has no thought for his or her hostess's comfort, who is often late in the morning, late to meals, who scatters her possessions all over the house, who keeps the weary hostess up long after her usual time of retiring, who never tries to offset the extra steps taken for her, by polishing the glass and china, or amusing the little ones, when their mother is 'up to her eyes in cooking,' she is even more depressing than the bottomless pile of summer sewing; it is difficult to be patient with such, but welcome or less welcome the guest, it is wiser to spare ourselves a bit; 'much serving' makes a weary hostess, and then the visit is enjoyed by neither.

Lemon Pie.—Put ingredients together in the order here given: Yolk of three eggs, beaten, juice of one lemon, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful flour. When beaten up smoothly add butter size of small egg, two-thirds cup boiling water. Whip the whites of the eggs very stiff and stir it lightly the last thing. Bake with one crust.

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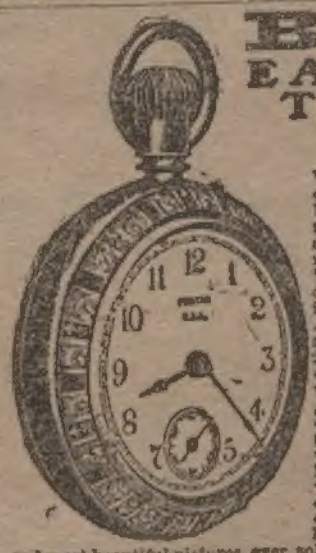

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